

Canibus Lyrics

"Golden Terra Of Rap"

[Intro: Sample]

Ready on the right, ready on the left

Ready on the firing line...

[Busta Rhymes sample from "You Can't Hold the Torch":]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

[Chorus:]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 1:]

Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards

Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law

Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind

And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine

Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart

When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back

I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel

Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you

Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission

The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin

Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design

You don't understand stop tryin

The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down

You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!

The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence

Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus

The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through

Nigga I wish it was that simple

The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin

Captain Cold Crush get it crackin

Heat it up 'til the bones blacken

My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic

The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets

Full medal gold plaque classics

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)

Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 2:]

The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest
You chronograph still in the past tense
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about
If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now
RPG launch out the tree house
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now
PTSD MC, the kind you read about
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Outro: Busta Rhymes sample]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!